

# Good Morning 415

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Here's Hayworth Heatwave says Dick Gordon

"THE Hayworth Heatwave" is London's tag for the newly born "Cover Girl," out of the Columbia cradle. When ravishing Rita's latest was Press shown, even the critics applauded, and admitted to the publicity people that Charlie Vidor had rolled ten musicals into one large, lavish Technicolor triumph.

I saw the ingredients some time back, and I thought maybe there wouldn't be a pan big enough to hold them all. But I was wrong. But, if I might say, a forgivable error.

After all, what would you have said if you had been told that Susan Shaw, Cheryl Archer, Jinx Falkenburg, Martha Outlaw, and nine other American magazine Madonnas were to be used just as furniture, and that Rita Hayworth was going to out-class the whole school; that Jerome Kern was signed to supply nine new numbers; that Ira Gershwin was lyric lady; that Leslie Brooks, Eve Arden, Otto Kruger, Lee Bowman and a lot more were booked to back the Cover Girl? Well, wouldn't you be afraid of the pudding turning out to be all currants with nothing to hold them together?

It has just a tincture of



"Hellzapoppin," all the ingenuity of the makers, Gene Kelly, who starts opposite Rita, steps out of tune, but gets in again, and the antics of funny man Phil Silver. In case you don't believe, there could be a story to such a celluloid strip, here it is:—

**DANNY** McGUIRE (Gene Kelly) runs a nondescript night club in Brooklyn, and personally supervises everything from the menu to the

floor show. In this, Genius (Phil Silver) is the star attraction, and Rusty (Rita Hayworth), despite being Danny's girl, is just another dancer in the chorus. "You get there on your feet," is Danny's motto for the girls, "not your face."

Rusty disagrees, and enters a "Cover Girl" contest for Vanity Magazine, but is turned down by the editor. Later, however, when the magazine's publisher, Coudair (Otto Kruger) sees Rusty at Danny's, he orders his editor to recall her.

Coudair looks up Rusty's antecedents and discovers that she is the granddaughter of a former Broadway belle with whom he had been in love. Rusty wins the "Cover Girl" contest and becomes an overnight legend. Reporters, columnists, photographers and the public flock to Danny's night club.

Rusty keeps her level head despite this sudden fame, but Danny feels that by staying with him she is spoiling a great career. So when Wheaton, a famous Broadway producer, offers Rusty a contract, Danny fires her.

Rusty's spectacular success on Broadway is immediate. Starred in a musical extravaganza, she captures the hearts of everyone. But she is still in love with Danny, although hurt at his "firing" her.

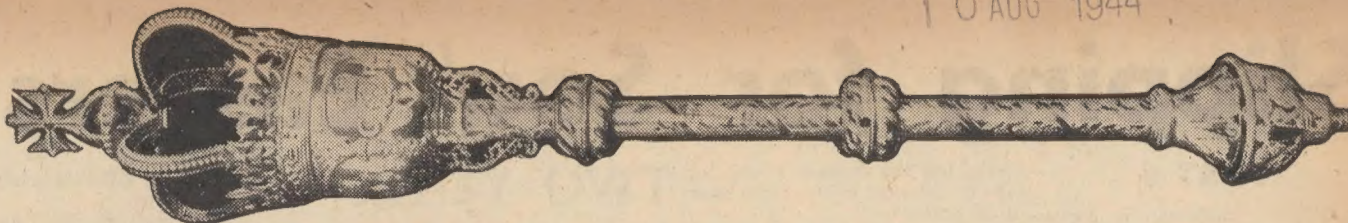
She goes to Danny's place in Brooklyn. It is closed. Miserable, heartbroken, she wanders around Brooklyn all night, gets drunk, and agrees to marry Wheaton.

The wedding is arranged for the Coudair mansion on Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and the Social Register wait breathlessly as Rusty begins the procession on the arm of Coudair. Then Coudair whispers to her—that Danny is waiting—at a place she knows.

"But I can't run away now," Rusty says frantically. "Not at the last minute."

It is then that Coudair tells her about her grandmother. "Your grandmother could, and did it to me... right at this very altar."

Rusty tears down the aisle, pell-mell, to the astonishment of the guests—to where Danny is waiting.



## "Take away that bauble"

**CROMWELL'S** words, "Take away that bauble!" referring to the mace of the House of Commons, are amongst the most famous in history.

Without the Mace in the House, the assembly is not properly constituted and cannot carry on business. On more than one occasion, unruly members have attempted to seize the mace and thus bring business to an end.

Touching, isn't it? But it's a winner—if a galaxy of glamour gets you.



**SOME** of Hollywood's older stars have begun to twinkle again.

We have been seeing more of Richard Dix, and Joel McCrea has made a new film; the call-up has taken the younger men and given them another chance.

The return of waning female stars is more precarious. Usually they do not make much of a hit. We compare them with their sparkling youth, to disadvantage. We've seen Katherine Hepburn's name displayed again; Marlene Dietrich tried a new role—not very successfully; and Tallulah Bankhead is appearing in a film at the moment.

The latest story of renewed scintillation is of Mae West. Her new film is called "The Heat's On."

If clothes and setting have anything to do with it, this curvaceous, soft-haired blonde should make a big splash. Although all the costumes are coupon-free, it is doubtful what the wife would think of such ensembles.

One outfit is a black dress trimmed with monkey fur, with a large brooch at the low-cut neck, and the lady's blonde locks are surmounted by a tall, dark hat set at a jaunty angle and sprinkled with sparkling dust.

Another is a dress of white lace, with black foxes at shoulders and hem.

Using all her own charming assets and surrounded by all this splendour, Miss West certainly has a chance. Can the luscious lady of the lines do it? Well, maybe we'll be seeing more of her!



**LAST** month Phyllis Dixey brought to Whitehall her new revue, "Peek-a-Boo," for which welcome tonic the near-by population of jaded generals and drooping admirals will be grateful. The glad tidings sped round the War Office and Admiralty quicker than a forest fire, because in these high places dwell many earnest students of Art as portrayed by the demure Phyllis. Officially, the explanation is that a study of Miss Dixey's contours helps them with their map-reading.

For absent students who'd like to know how our Miss Dixey is looking these days, the answer is—in the pink, boys, in the pink.



**I** HEAR that child actress Margaret Barton has just composed her first song—"Imagination." An apt title, for Margaret has to call on all her imagination to play the "awful child" in "Pink String and Sealing Wax," at London's Duke of York's Theatre. And as an entr'acte there her song is to have its first performance.

## J. M. Michaelson explains Parliament

The mace is the symbol of the royal authority, and to-day represents the power of the House.

Its position depends upon the business before the House. When the House is in session as the House, it lies on the table in front of the Speaker. When it is in session as a Committee of the House, the mace lies under the table.

The mace is in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, who carries it on his shoulder when he accompanies the Speaker on his way to or from the Chamber.

Another important symbol in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords is the "bar," the line that marks the limit of the Chamber. Formerly, it was an actual bar, which could be drawn across.

To-day, it is a red-line on the matting, although an actual bar is in existence for use if required. Members on one side are technically in the House and on the other outside it, in a position where they cannot take part in debates. A Member who crosses the bar must immediately take his seat.

It is to the Bar of the House that offenders against the dignity and privilege of the House are summoned to be admonished or punished by the Speaker, acting with the authority of the House. On these occasions the bar is actually placed in position.

Red lines run down the sides of the Chamber, dividing the "Government" and "Opposition" benches. A member is not supposed to cross this line when speaking obviously a relic of times when Members were liable to try physical compulsion when oratory failed with their opponents!

On more than one occasion a new Member has been puzzled by continuing cries of "Order! Order!" while he was speaking.

## Home Town News

### GEORGE GOES GREEN.

**C**ONTROVERSY continues to rage round the statue of George III which has stood for a century or more on Weymouth's sea-front.

Weymouth Ratepayers' Association—as recorded in "Good Morning"—recently—unanimously demanded its removal on the grounds that it is an "eyesore" and an obstruction to traffic.

But the bucolic monarch has his champions, and they appear to be in a majority in the Town Council, which has since debated the question of whether his statue should be removed or retained.

George must have turned in his royal tomb when Coun. A. C. Billett protested against a proposal that the statue should be renovated and declared that he objected to the spending of even a penny on "this obsolete monstrosity."

The Mayor (Coun. J. T. Goddard) said that a special committee had recommended that the question of the removal of the statue should be

He has forgetfully placed his feet over the line.

In the House of Commons, the Speaker's chair is treated with deference. A Member bows to its when entering and when he leaves, and when moving about, never comes between the Chair and anyone who is speaking. Technically Members do not address each other, but the Chair.

In the House of Lords, the Woolsack, a scarlet, well-padded lounge, is the equivalent of the Chair, but with differences. The Woolsack is not, technically, in the House of Lords and it would, therefore, be possible for its occupant—the Lord Chancellor—not to be a peer.

Members treat the Woolsack with the same deference. At the ceremony of the Royal Assent and on other occasions when the King is personally, or by inference, in the House of Lords, the Mace lies on the Woolsack, together with an elaborately decorated satchel, which is supposed to contain the Great Seal.

The Great Seal is the emblem of the sovereign. It is attached to all warrants, letters patent, and it is a wafer from the Great Seal which gives authority to the document appointing the Lords Commissioners to act for the King in Parliament.

Technically, when a Seal is worn out or when the reign of a new sovereign requires a new one the Great Seal is broken up.

The breaking is entirely symbolical. It is given a tap with a hammer, is then considered defaced and becomes one of the valued properties of the reigning Lord Chancellor.

The Lord Chancellor is the Keeper of the Seal, and its loss or theft causes much inconvenience, since government can hardly be carried on without it. The Great Seal was stolen from Lord Thurlow when he was Chancellor and never recovered.

In 1912, Lord Chancellor Eldon's house caught fire, and his first instinct was to save the Seal, which he buried in the garden. But afterwards he could not remember where, and not until the whole garden had been dug over was the Seal discovered.

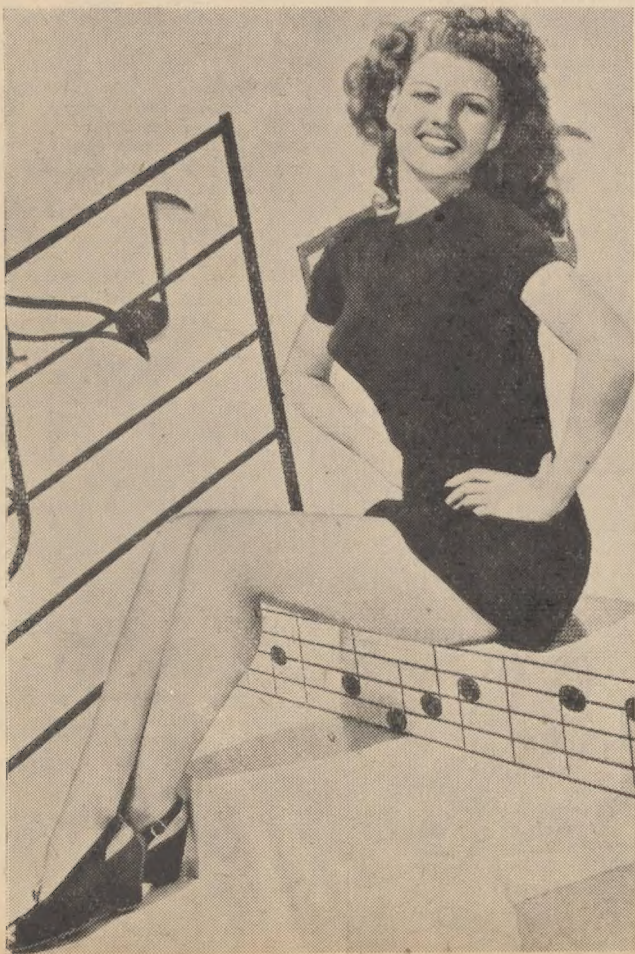
Because of its importance, the Great Seal has been called "The key of the realm," and as such it is one of the foremost symbols of the way in which we are governed.

deferred until after the war, and that in the meantime the statue should be cleaned down and painted green.

The committee, he said, were unanimous that it would not be out of place to make it look a little more respectable.

So it is to be. George is to be reprieved "for the duration" and made "a little more respectable" with a coat of green paint!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1





# Slipping for Sou' Easter

## PART 6

AFTER sundown, it looked black at the southward and eastward, and we were told to keep a bright look-out. Expecting to be called up, we turned in early. Waking up about midnight, I found a man who had just come down from his watch striking a light.

He said that it was beginning to puff up from the south-east, and that the sea was rolling in; and he had called the captain; and as he threw himself down on his chest with all his clothes on I knew that he expected to be called.

I felt the vessel pitching at her anchor and the chain surging and snapping, and lay awake, expecting an instant summons.

In a few minutes it came—three knocks on the scuttle, and "All hands ahoy! bear a hand up and make sail." We sprang up for our clothes and were about half-way dressed when the mate called out, down the scuttle, "Tumble up here, men! tumble up! before she drags her anchor."

We were on deck in an instant. "Lay aloft and loose the top-sails!" shouted the captain, as soon as the first man showed himself.

"All ready forward?" asked the captain. "Aye, aye, sir; all ready," answered the mate. "Let go!" "All gone, sir"; and the iron cable grated over the windlass and through the hawse-hole, and the little vessel's head swinging off from the wind under the force of her backed head sails brought the strain upon the slip-rope.

"Let go aft!" Instantly all was gone, and we were under way. It now began to blow fresh, the rain fell fast, and it grew very

black, but the captain would not take in sail until we were well clear of the point.

As soon as we left this on our quarter and were standing out to sea the order was given, and we sprang aloft, double-reefed each topsail, furlled the foresail, and double-reefed the trysail, and were soon under easy sail.

In these cases of slipping for south-easters there is nothing to be done, after you have got clear of the coast, but to lie to under easy sail and wait for the gale to be over, which seldom lasts more than two days, and is often over in twelve hours; but the wind never comes back to the southward until there has been a good deal of rain fallen.

We got clear of the islands before sunrise the next morning, and by twelve o'clock we were out of the canal, and off Point Conception.

After a few days we made the land at Point Pinos, which is the headland at the entrance of the bay of Monterey. As we drew in, and ran down the shore, we could distinguish well the face of the country, and found it better wooded than that to the southward of Point Conception.

The bay of Monterey is very wide at the entrance, being about twenty-four miles between the two points, Ano Nuevo at the north, and Pinos at the south, but narrows gradually as you approach the town, which is situated in a bend or large cove at the south-eastern extremity, and about eighteen miles from the points, which makes the whole depth of the bay.

We came to anchor within two cable-lengths of the shore, and the town lay directly before us, making a very pretty appearance; its houses being plastered which gives a much better effect than those of Santa Barbara, which are of a mud colour.

The red tiles, too, on the roofs contrasted well with the white plastered sides, and with the

## TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

extreme greenness of the lawn upon which the houses—about a hundred in number—were dotted about here and there irregularly.

It was a fine Saturday afternoon when we came to anchor, the sun about an hour high and everything looking pleasant. The Mexican flag was flying from the little square Presidio, and the drums and trumpets of the soldiers, who were out on parade, sounded over the water, and gave great life to the scene. We felt as though we had got into a Christian country.

We landed the agent and passengers, and found several persons waiting for them on the beach, among whom were some who, though dressed in the costume of the country, spoke English; and who, we afterwards learned, were English and Americans who had married and settled in the country.

I had never studied Spanish while at college, and could not speak a word when at Juan Fernandez; but during the latter part of the passage out, I borrowed a grammar and dictionary from the cabin, and by a continual use of these, and a careful attention to every word that I heard spoken, I soon got a vocabulary together, and began talking for myself.

As I soon knew more Spanish than any of the crew, and had been at college, and knew Latin, I got the name of a great linguist, and was always sent by the captain and officers to get provisions or to carry letters

and messages to different parts of the town.

This was a good exercise for me, and no doubt taught me more than I should have learned by months of study and reading; it also gave me opportunities of seeing the customs, characters, and domestic arrangements of the people; beside being a great relief from the monotony of a day spent on board ship.

The men in Monterey appeared to me to be always on horseback. Horses are abundant here as dogs and chickens were in Juan Fernandez.

There are no stables to keep them in, but they are allowed to run wild, and graze wherever they please, being branded, and having long leather ropes, called "lassos," attached to their necks, and dragging along behind them, by which they can easily be taken.

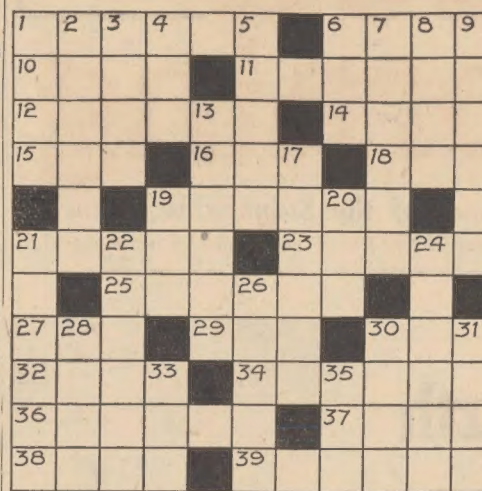
The men usually catch one in the morning, throw a saddle and bridle upon him, and use him for the day, and let him go at night, catching another the next day.

When they go on long journeys, they ride one horse down, and catch another, throw the saddle and bridle upon him, and after riding him down, take a third, and so on to the end of the journey. There are probably no better riders in the world.

They can hardly go from one house to another without getting on a horse, there being generally several standing tied to the door-posts of the little cottages. When they wish to show their activity they make no use of their stirrups in mounting, but striking the horse, spring into the saddle as he starts, and sticking their long spurs into him, go off on the full run.

AFTER a few days, finding the trade beginning to slacken, hove our anchor up, set our top-sails, ran the stars and stripes up to the peak, and left the little

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Seedy.
- 6 Musical addition.
- 10 One of U.S.A.
- 11 Diverted.
- 12 Rut.
- 14 SKIN.
- 15 Essay.
- 16 Cumber.
- 18 Watch.
- 19 Tree-fruit.
- 21 Ramous poet.
- 23 Catalogue.
- 25 Rowed.
- 27 Liable.
- 29 Hard stone.
- 30 Horse.
- 32 Ruminant.
- 34 Rebut.
- 36 Medicinal wash.
- 37 Talented.
- 38 Fencing weapon.
- 39 Road.

LESS POSSET  
ART MANACLE  
CROWD VOLE  
TAPIR WEN M  
IT GREASER  
CUB INK SAP  
MOULDED NO  
SANY FORKS  
PURL FUTURE  
ORDINAL PER  
TESTED BEDS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sort out.
- 2 At intervals.
- 3 Wrong.
- 4 Obstruct.
- 5 Altered course.
- 6 Dog.
- 7 Trees.
- 8 Gainsay.
- 9 Reptiles.
- 15 First speaker.
- 17 State.
- 19 Rabble.
- 20 Help.
- 21 Hound.
- 22 Revolve.
- 24 Toot.
- 26 Stories.
- 28 Ship's stern.
- 30 Six-sided figure.
- 31 Salad plant.
- 33 Bind.
- 35 Much.

town astern, running out of the bay, and bearing down the coast again for Santa Barbara.

Here everything was pretty much as we left it—the large bay without a vessel in it; the surf roaring and rolling in upon the beach; the white mission, the dark town, and the high treeless mountains. Here, too, we had our south-easter tacks aboard again.

We lay here about a fortnight, employed in landing goods and taking off hides occasionally when the surf was not high; but there did not appear to be one-half the business doing here that there was in Monterey.

Little vexations and labours would have been nothing were it not for the uncertainty, or worse than uncertainty, which hung over the nature and length of our voyage.

Here we were in a little vessel with a small crew on a half-civilised coast at the ends of the earth, and with the prospect of remaining an indefinite period, two or three years at the least.

When we left Boston we supposed that it was to be a voyage of eighteen months, or two years at most; but upon arriving on the coast we learned something more of the trade, and found that in the scarcity of hides, which was yearly greater and greater, it would take us a year at least to collect our cargo.

Captain T— was a vigorous, energetic fellow. During all the time that I was with him I never saw him sit down on deck. He was always active and driving; severe in his discipline, and expected the same of his officers.

Severity created discontent, and signs of discontent provoked severity.

Then, too, ill-treatment and dissatisfaction are no "linimenta laborum"; and many a time have I heard the sailors say that they should not mind the length of the voyage and the hardships if they were only kindly

treated, and if they could feel that something was done to make things lighter and easier.

But the contrary policy was pursued. We were kept at work all day when in port, which, together with a watch at night, made us glad to turn in as soon as we got below. Thus we got no time for reading or for washing and mending our clothes.

And then, when we were at sea, sailing from port to port, instead of giving us "watch and watch," as was the custom on board every other vessel on the coast, we were all kept on deck and at work, rain or shine, making spun-yarn and rope, and at other work in good weather, and picking oakum when it was too wet for anything else.

(To be continued)

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Ah! His plum-duffs are improving! The last one he dropped went clean through the floor!"

## WANGLING WORDS—354

1. Put an animal in PIES and get a Midland industrial district.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Tytnew gae saw erh dan vief em hes doft.
3. Mix SKIRT, add C, and get frauds.
4. Find the two hidden meat dishes in: In the pub a concertina was being played by a man from Connecticut, let me tell you.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 353

1. AMnestY.
2. One day when we were young.
3. B-LADE.
4. R-us-sia, S-we-den.



## JANE

"To tell you the truth, my dear, the beast positively played ducks and drakes with our party, even though it WAS a swan. From now on, I never want to see the darned things again, unless it be on the front of a match-box."



## QUIZ for today

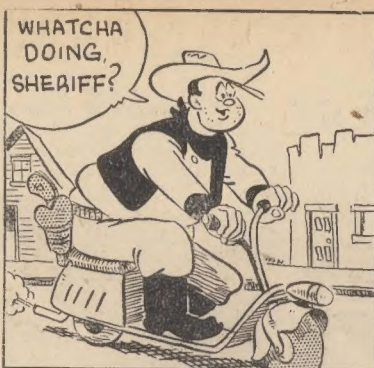
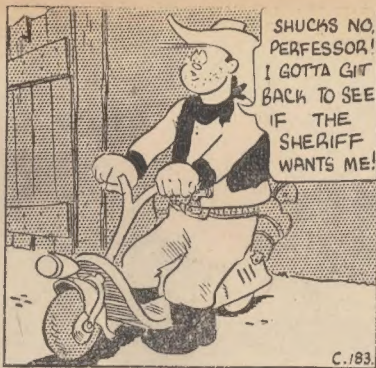
1. An ondine is a scorpion, sundial, water sprite, ghost, Greek priest, fruit?
2. Who wrote (a) The Sketch Book, (b) Sketches by Boz?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Stallion, Ram, Gander, Rooster, Fox, Heifer, Stag, Bull.
4. With what magnitude stars is the sun classed?
5. What country uses a coin called a Dinar?
6. Between what places did the Silver Jubilee Express run?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Otter, Otkar, Otto, Atter, Attar.
8. When and where was the first Cook's Tour held?
9. If two men stood back to back, both facing North, where would they be?
10. Is there an electric railway in the Arctic Circle?
11. How many is a billion in (a) England, (b) U.S.A.?
12. Name three film stars beginning with A.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 414

1. Bird.
2. (a) Thomas Burke, (b) Kenneth Grahame.
3. Palanquin has no wheels; others have.
4. Dark blue.
5. Viscount Caldecote.
6. Green.
7. Inseule.
8. Guatemala.
9. Nevada.
10. Tin.
11. He crowned himself.
12. A kepi.



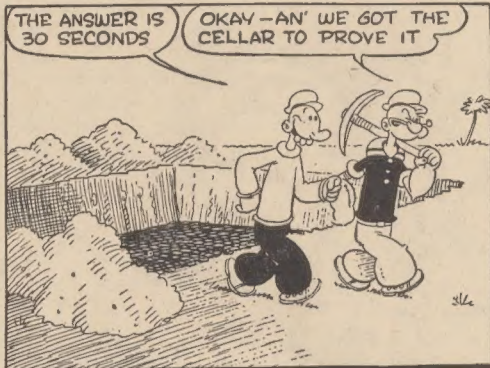
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



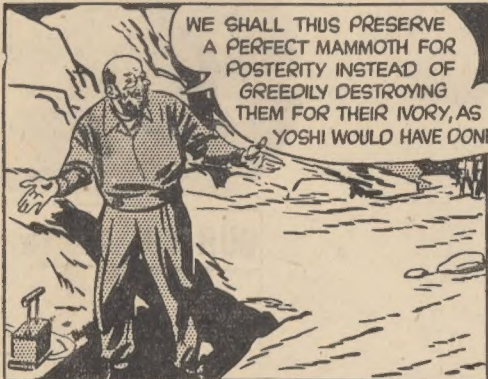
## POPEYE



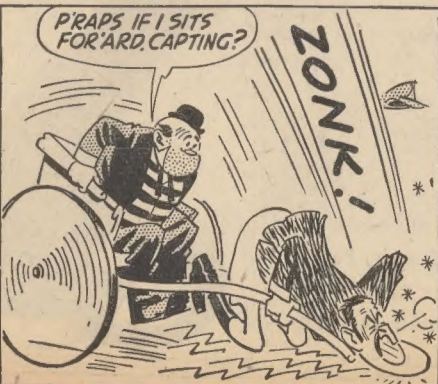
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## It's a Fact

By Gordon Rich

Every year Eskimos pay income tax to the Canadian Government in furs.

Every year 7,000,000,000 postage stamps are printed in this country. The bits of paper from the perforations weigh forty tons—which means sixty containers for the Army's six-pounder shells every day of the year.

No serious earthquakes have been felt in England since 1350, when London was badly shaken, and part of St. Paul's and the Temple Church fell. In 1274 the town of Glastonbury, in Somerset, was practically destroyed by a heavy shock.

Whist is probably a development of the game of trump (triumph). It was played as early as the time of Henry the Eighth. According to the "Compleat Gamster" (1674), whist was so called because of "the silence that is to be observed in the play."



It is believed that the use of "my uncle" to signify a pawnbroker, is a pun on the Latin word "uncus," a hook. Pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift articles up a spout, down which the money and the pawn ticket would be sent. Hence the term "Up the spout."

A test of the genuineness of an Oriental rug or carpet is to see if each stitch is knotted. If the stitch is knotted and firm the rug may be considered genuine; but if the stitch can be pulled out it is imitation, no matter how closely the original rug may have been copied in pattern or colour.

"The Heel of Achilles" is a synonym which arose from the myth that Achilles was dipped by his mother in the River Styx, whose waters had the virtue of making one invulnerable. Unfortunately, she held him by the heel, which, remaining dry, was consequently vulnerable and open to hurt.



Merino is a Spanish word, and was the name given to a certain breed of sheep introduced to England towards the end of the eighteenth century from Spain. The breed has been widely used for crossing with and improving British and Colonial sheep, owing to the particularly fine quality of its wool. Merino cloth was originally manufactured from Merino wool, but was subsequently made from a wool and cotton mixture.

An average cow is said to yield 158lbs. of butter in a year.

Local councils in this country control the spending of some £333,000,000 a year.

The hide of a cow produces about 35lbs. of leather, and that of a horse about 18lbs.

English is the most widely spoken language in the world; it is used by 160,000,000 people.

Groynes on the shore serve the purpose of breakwaters, and so prevent the sand from silting.

Old measures of beer were the firkin, equal to nine gallons, and the kilderkin, equal to eighteen gallons.

It is estimated that there are well over half a million people bearing the name of Smith in this country.



The quarter days are not the same in England and Scotland. In England they run: Lady Day, March 25; Midsummer, June 24; Michaelmas, September 29; Christmas, December 25. Scotland's are the following: Candlemas, February 2; Whitsuntide, May 15; Lammas, August 1; Martinmas, November 11.

A theodolite as an instrument of unknown origin, but much developed, for measuring angles by telescopic means. It is employed in land surveying. It consists of a small telescope mounted to turn about a vertical axis passing through the centre of a horizontal graduated circle, and also about a horizontal axis, so that it may be set at any elevation. There are various forms for various purposes.



The age of an elephant can be judged by its ears. Its ears, so experts declare, overlap at the rate of half an inch every thirty years. After 19 years, a letter posted at Kettering in 1925 has been delivered in Australia.





# Good Morning

★ "Scratch the back of my neck, baby, I just can't do it myself." ★



★  
Blonde-haired Dolores Moran, lovely Hollywood actress. The large cartwheel sunbonnet may be oldfashioned, but boy, oh boy, is it sweet!



***This England*** The river Seven and a corner of the village at Sinnington, Yorkshire.



Playing a straight bat, but surely he must be playing for Tin-Can Alley boys!



Though she is only five years of age, Nola Wood, of Pulborough, Sussex, can sure handle horses. The love of a child is irresistible.

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

